

March 8th 1843.

Dear Friend,  (Charles)

Looks well — doesn't
it? You perceive I am trying to
do my duty in regard to the
reformation.

We are very deep in
the mire of house chaining. The
paper hangers infect the house,
like flies chinking all over the

ceilings and walls. And the
kitchen-lady succumbed to an
attack of the mumps at the very
thought of house cleaning; so you
may imagine that what with a
hospital in one part of the house;
and a perfect pandemonium every-
where else; all that is really
necessary to complete our happiness
is an annex "select for the insane"

We are at present entertaining
two paper hangers one of whom is truly
as slow as molasses in January. ^{and}
the other, a regular drier, who spends
all his spare time in quarreling with
the slow man; we really cannot blame
him though, as the fellow actually
spent a whole day in mixing
two buckets of calcimining tints.

Then we have two colored gentle-
men as guests, one named by —

"Lubly May" who actually
can beat a carpet when he is
not too tired, and his "fides
Achates", whose name I know not
these, with two scrubbing women
and a German baby which is
very well behaved — and a
good-for-nothing maiden, known
as Miss Grace, ^(who is not) constitute the
chief actors of a decidedly active
scene.

But spring is coming

Chambers, and we are going
to enjoy it to the full extent.

when other people are cleaning
houses we shall spend our time
among the violets in the woods.

I did not go to the old
people last Sunday, as they were
very well stocked the week before;
and my duty lay in the line
of playing the organ at the
Chapel for Maun.

Jack led our Bible Class
last Sunday, his topic was

The Jews. Now you must enjoy
your work at the quarry. God will
bless you in it I am sure, and give
you strength for the extra work.

I am so glad you are coming
home for the Easter vacation. It is
too far for Leo to come, poor boy, but
we shall be with him in Amherst
the first of May. I expect.

Last week I read "A Little
Journey in the world" by Charles
Dudley Warner, it was a great
help to me, dealing as it does with
the special temptation to worldliness.

I advise you to read it, though it
never could affect you as forcibly
as it did to me. Then, may I
suggest Arthur Pennycuik by
Dr. J. G. Holland. I have only
read half of it but it is truly
unfolding.

But it is growing late and
I really must go to the land of nod

or I shall be good for nothing
tomorrow

Goodnight,

Sincerely Your friend
Grace

437 Oak Park Ave.

any
off 10/20/93
Oct.



Mr. Clarence E. Huntington
#5 College St.
Cleveland
Ohio

Cleveland College.

10/10/17
10 AM
REC'D.

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PROGRAM

If I but knew, - - - - - *Smith*

DR. A. W. HEBERT.

a. Only the sound of a voice, - - - *Watson*

b. Mistress Prue, - - - - - *Molloy*

MISS GRACE HALL.

When the heart is young, - - - - *Buck*

MR. G. F. BELKNAP.

a. Mazurka, G minor, - - - - *Chopin*

b. Nachtstück, in F, - - - - *Schumann*

MR. W. H. HUMISTON.

The softest, sweetest song I know, - *Grace Hall*

(With Autoharp accompaniment.)

MISS HALL.

Resurrection, - - - - - *Shelley*

DR. HEBERT.

a. Norwegian Dance, - - - - *Grieg*

b. Gavotte, in B, - - - - *Godard*

MR. HUMISTON.

Sunday.

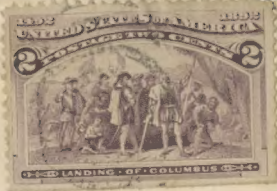
Dear Friend,

This is not an
other letter; but thought
you might perhaps be
interested in the career
of my little song; they
enclosed it so persistently
that I was compelled to
sing it over again.

This is a perfect spring
day, and I must be off—
down to Dutch-land

Yours, &c
Grace

ans. aff. w. thanks &
3/20/99
C. S. S.



Mr. Clarence E. Heringway
Oberlin College.
Oberlin
Ohio

45 College St.

